

PS 3521

FLM

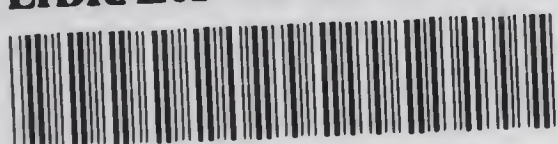
.R5 04

2014

040872

1914

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002808018





C381
49

The Ocean of Dreams



Charles Philip Krauth

PS 3521

RS 04

1914

COPYRIGHTED 1914
CHARLES P. KRAUTH.

JUN 11 1914

~~1.00~~

©CIA374404

201

new Je-23, '14.

THE OCEAN OF DREAMS.

At the uttermost end of Heart's Desire
At the feet of that beautiful land,
Lies an ocean as blue as the blue sapphire,
With a girdle of diamond dust sand.
And ever the cherry blossoms blow,
White as the foam on the waves below,
The Edenlike gardens where they grow,
Where wonderful palaces stand.

Oh, a bark of pearly nautilus frail
Will bear you far on the sapphire sea,
The perfumed airs will fill the sail,
The fairest promise shall go with thee.
And ever the pale sea line recedes,
And the crescent moon sends her silver beams
From the purple sky on golden weeds,
Which, lily-like, float, on the sea of dreams.

FLOWER FANCIES

I want to dream, a while, alone,
Of my garden, now gone by
Where fancies with flowers, were sown, and grown
To bud, and blossom, and die,
For I feel sometimes, the flowers we sow
Have hearts, that can understand
The joy of the gardner, or share his woe
For they flourish under his hand,
And the blood warm cheek of the rose so red
And the tulips crimson bowl,
And each upturned eye, in the violet bed
Is hiding a flower's soul.

Incense, is the soul of a flower
Breathing of blooms gone by
Perfume, is the pearl of their power
Immortal, and dare not die
The fragrance flown, from summer dead
From lily, violet, roses red

And the sleep compelling poppy, thrown
To Autumn winds, and by them blown
Afar, returns with wanton will
As can not die, nor yet lie still—
And now, the winter sunlight pale,
Laid on the marsh, and the sullen sea
At times glows brighter, a warmer gale
Over the eel grass blows fitfully

Bearing bright blooms from memory
Of drowsy Augusts of long ago,
As a blood red rose, on a drift of snow;
Calls to the mind all dead desire,
Those crimson blossoms born of fire;
Which can recall the song we sung
When we, and the willful world were young
Relights the torch, touches a bar
Of music, heard on some lost star
Restores to sense, our long dead spring
The song we sung, and yet may sing.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

Who has not known,
That sadness, and regret
Its sorrow giving,
From the past set free
The haunting presence,
Thou can'st not forget,
Those, who are living,
And yet, dead to thee?

Is there not one,
Who haunts some vacant place?
Whose voice, in some dark room,
Breathes low like prayer;
And garments rustle,
Through the empty space?
Ah, gently tread the gloom,
For *She*; is there.

EXPECTANT.

No sleep, is on the restless eye,
No rest, comes to the troubled brain,
When will the darker hours pass by?
When comes, the new born, sun again?

Each day, ten thousand blossoms die,
Each day, ten thousand buds are born.
Say! Does *my* star, still ride the sky?
Oh! what fierce fate, comes with the morn?

MIST HIDDEN

Sailing across, some star lit sea
Veiled in thin mist, which cannot rise
And the low waves, are warm wind kissed
The horizon, is endlessly
Stretching, before the dripping prow
Of my frail craft, while all the eyes
Of the strange stars, blink sleepily
So broad the sea, so far the skies
So white the mist, that twix them lies
That all their trickery, and chance;
Are lost to ken Yes they disguise
The slightest hint, of treachery
And only music, from them pour
For all the winds, make melody
Yet Fate, is waiting at the door
Of Circumstance, twix sky and sea
Low wail, the winds, with little light
And lesser still, each far, star gleams
So sail, I onward, through the night
To sight, my port of dreams.

Long may I seek, yet never find
My ever summer sheltered, isles
Of Fancy, where the poplars lined

Against blue sky, sigh, in their sleep
And all the scarlet flowers keep
The long lost secrets, of the heart
When hearts were young, and could impart
Something, besides their bitterness
And penitent, the waves confess
Their sins, to Father Silence, on that shore
His presence broodeth, evermore,
Where pools, of many colors lie
Between dark peaks of mountain isles
Which hide them from the open sea
That far, blue, open sea line thrown
Beyond the coral walled lagoon
Belting the world, and even my
Lost isle, the child, of sea and sky

I could not brood, too long upon
The Past, or it's old melody
It's sad sweet airs, would break each string
Of my dark heart, and yet they bring
A blessing, and a boon; They say
"Lo, every, golden Yesterday
Was pain, while present, for your soul
Was then, as now, far, far away."

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH.

(From the Pleasure Voyage.)

It seems as though
We may have walked,
By some forgotten sea,
And seen the deep tide
Turn, and go,
Back to his hollows free.

It seems as though,
We may have stood,
On some forsaken star,
And watched the waves
Of Saturn flow,
Round his triumphal car.

It seems as though
We may have been
Two souls, 'twix Heaven and Hell
And learned the lore
Of joy, and woe,
The star strown, spaces spell.

It seems, Dear Heart!
In some far time,
Ere ever, the earth grew cold,
Two souls, we bore
A kindred part,
And Thou; wert mine of old.

EVENING SEA

Eastward, there lies a purple evening sea
Bound on the west by a ribbon of sand
Wind worn, and dark, salt pines, the beach com-
mand

On main and marsh, the sun beams fail and flee
For the sun is setting: behind each tree
The stealthy shadows lurk, leap on the strand
As the sun sinks slow, in the marsh inland
He yields his royal reign reluctantly

So fades some golden hour, on Life's sad sea
As flies, the music, from some shattered shell
And dies, of pride, and power, the guady gleams
The lingering fragrance, from a broken flower
All that it has of charm, yet all were well
If we dreamed true, by oceans, set with dreams.

THE DESERTED PALACE

There was no pleasure, in all the palace
All it's gods, were gone away;
Untasted, the wine, in each crystal chalice
Music's soul, came hushed that day

T'wards noon came one who swiftly past
Through every court and banquet hall
Till in far gardens, he came at last
To the towering terrace, o'erlooking the wall

Over the empty lawn he paces
Beneath the bay trees blue, and high,
Seeking forever, those vanished faces
Seen now never, by mortal eye

Forever flown, with their gifts, and graces
Into exile and poverty
To be robed in rags, (who were lavish with laces)
In that stranger land, lying over the sea

A bird note, answered his anxious call
The plaintive wail, of the whippoorwill
Mixed with the fairy fountain's fall
But other voices; were silent still

The lazy, languid, ones had fled
Their hearts were broken, their hearths were cold
Neglected, each delicate rose, lay dead
Their faded fragments, strewed the mold

Like drops of blood, rose petals lie
And the undried dew, in the shade, seems tears
O'er the garden shed, by the sorrowful sky
Lamenting, the vanished, lords, and peers.

And in the evening, the searcher came
Again to the lonely banquet place
And lit the tapers; the flickering flame
Played white, on a wan and worn, face

But now, a marvelous thing befell:
As ebb tide turned, and came back from the sea
The lights lit brighter: the vesper bell
Over the chapel tolled musically

And Evesong ended, lady, and lord,
Or only their presence, their ghosts glide through
The palace portals, and throng the board
As they of old, were wont to do

As though their love, from over the main
Blessing it's ancient cover still,
Returned with the tide, from peril and pain
To hover over, it's weird fulfill

The day is long, and the mind is free
To follow the footpath, where we roam
But as ebb tide turns, and comes back from the sea
With moon, and midnight; the heart turns home.

THE LOST SWEETHEART.

Come, Little Love, the day dawns sweet
And all the starry eyes, are blind;
Come to the warm, white sands, and find
Some gift of Ocean at our feet
Mid shells, and seaweed, course intertwined.
Lo, all night long, my soul hath pined
And sought you. Now the day dawns fair
And all the starry spies, are blind;
Come to the warm, white sands to find,
Mayhap, the mermaids' combs are there.

Sure 'twas a mocking dream that said,
"Now night is fled, and dawns the day."
What matter, Sweetheart, what dreams say?
Still, I have dreamed, that you were dead,
And cold, beneath the churchyard clay
And vacant, and all lonely, lay
'Twix main, and marsh, our future home,
Yet night is sped, and dawns the day.
What matter, Sweetheart, what dreams say?
O! Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Come.

THE ISLES OF DEAD DREAMS.

Right gently, Charon, ferry them over,
The faded, dead dreams of yore,
The dreams of love, the visions of power,
These dreams have been dreamed before.
So mock them not, in their fallen pride
Because, that pride was vain;
But tenderly lay them, like withered flowers,
All side, by side, in the cedar tree bowers
Of islands in the main.

Their islands lie, on the edge of the world,
On the thin blue curve of sea,
And when we shall tire, of each lost desire,
They'll harbor these poor waifs free.
Soft sighs the wind in the cedar grove
On the steep, steep heights above
The silent deep valleys, shut off from the sky
By the mist, and the mangrove, where shrouded lie
The poor dead dreams of love.

So gently, Charon, ferry them over,
Far over, the stormy flow;
The dreams of love, the visions of power,
To islands, where dead dreams go.

LORD CALVERT'S CITY

There is a city, of which my dreams
Are all of it's purple, evening, hour
When the soft mists rise, from the basin's mouth
And the warm winds blow, from that further South
Whose gateway, the city seems

And blue smoke wreaths 'gainst purple sky,
And opal mist, together vie
In changing tints, to charm the eye
Of contemplative laziness

And looking over the rooves one saw
The past, and present, in the mind
And future, Fancy's day dreams lined
Against the paleing horizon

And loved to watch, with Day near done
The stars appear, and one, by one
The lights of the ships, and of the town
Shine through the dusk, as the jeweled crown
James Stuart, cast in the Thames, as he fled,
May have shone, on it's murkey bed

And the soft night, is filled with sound
Tenderly blended, from far below
With laughter of negroes, and all around
The students windows open glow
And the air is fragrant with pipes, and cooking,
And far flung perfume, from fields in May
And Lo, I am lonely, as I am looking
Through Memory's mirror, at Yesterday

Little winds, from the bay are stealing
Telling tales, of the far sea brine
Little laughs, from the doorway pealing
All angelically feminine

And sight, and sence, and feeling seem
So blended recollections lie
Can but recall some town, like to a dream
City, set as a pearl, in opal sky
Though I have failed, in many things
And all my fire flies have turned
To glow worms, lacking airy wings
And soon extinguished where they burned,
I would not live again the past
Nor it's forgotten tales retell
For Memory holds, and clings at last
Only; to what runs well.

THE LOST SOUL.

Ah, have I dreamed, I wandered late
And left—I know not what behind,
In the churchyard? I cannot mind
Just what it is; that I would find,
But think it lies, near to the gate—
Near to the gate, with upturned eyes,
Under a mound of fresh-turned clay.
I fear I must have lost my way,
A circle have I trod,—For See!
The house I died in Yesterday.
And they?—Have they forgotten me?

The wide world, swims, in sunset glow,
Cold are the peaks, and far below
My own hearth fire, flickers bright
Should I come home by candle light
What—then?

WINTER SHORE

Is this the shore, where drowsy August lay
 Poppy crowned crimson, with her languid eye
 Fixed ever, on the dim blue summer sky
Flecked with white clouds, that heaven has long been
 gray

Long has Old Ocean ceased his summer play
 And furious, hurls his angry wave arms high
 In agony, his vanguards vainly try
To pass the sodden sand that bars their way
The ice binds the salt meadows with a band
 And cloaks the barnackles, on pile, and pier
The sea lies sad. Dark clouds hide all above
Is this indeed, our lazy summer strand
 And this dull tide, the main, we held so dear
When Baldur, ruled with Avis, god of love.

THE ADVENTURER'S COURTING.

(From The Pleasure Voyage)

Love, where the gallies of Long Ago
Swam in a sleepy, southern sea.
Love, where the citron and olive grow,
And the orange blossoms, blow to thee.
A message of indolent ease;
Foreswear the hum of the busy bees,
That hive in the north
A tale they tell
Of toil, and trouble,
Come forth! Come forth!
To lands where the lotus letheans dwell,
Oh best beloved!
Of all of those, I have loved in youth

I shall love in age.
Come forth! Come forth!
From the cold, hard, north,
To lands where the drowsy dryads, gage
The hours, by flowers,
And fruits, that fall
From trees, that but blossom, and bare again.
Where the season flies,
And summer dies,
But to be refreshed, in the weeks of rain.
And the odors of Eden,
Their fragrance threw
For naught to the breeze
That blows clear, and high,
Across the palms, from the burning blue,
That lives, in a southern sky.

NEW SPRING

From over seas, Spring is at hand
At our heart's door, twix faith, and doubt
Love lingers long, and waits without
Love knows not, if we understand

At our heart's door, twix faith, and doubt
The message, that he fain would bring
With bursting buds, and balm of Spring
Love lingers long, and waits without

From overseas, Spring is at hand
Hinting at things we cannot tell:
Can a new love, the old excel?
Love knows not, if we understand

Love lingers long, and waits without
Though Spring be near, and Winter old;
Though Youth be dear, and Age be cold;
At our heart's door, twix faith, and doubt

Love knows not, if we understand
Of fires relit, which long have lain
In ashes, of their pride, and pain
From over seas, Spring is at hand

Come Love! Come Spring! On sea and land
Sad is our lot; our Winter rout;
From over seas, Spring is at hand!
Love lingers not; nor waits without.

NIGHT

Then Night, is dearer than the day
And Day, is darker than the night
When our last hopes, are washed away
In tears, and taen too soon their flight
Those Years, when our wrong world, went right
And all was glittering, and gay
Then Night, is dearer than the day
And Day, is darker than the night

When we have failed, in every fight
Found our dear idols, were but clay
When all we love, is lost to sight
And fled for aye Romance, and May
Then Night, is dearer than the day
And Day, is darker than the night.

PRESTER JOHN.

East of Saint Peter's wondrous dome
Beyond the shores, of Patriarchal Greece,
Beyond, the imperial sway of Ancient Rome,
Far in the mountains, lay the Court of Peace
Far north of Delhi's Mogul reign,
By Hymalayan mountains guarded well,
Beyond the Afghan raider's, power of bane,
Lay Prester John's forbidden citadel,
A wondrous city, in a barren land,
Of chasms deep, and snow-clad mountains old,
And desert lakes, half choked with drifting sand,
Silent, and lone, and cold
His towers reared their heads, on that plateau,
From whose proud snow caps, does the Indus sweep,
Down to the fertile plains of Hind below;
And binds, with silver chains, the mountains' feet
Enriched with precious gems, and mountain gold

And pearls far brought, from Nippon's isle-strown
 seas,
And tapestries, of China's empire old,
The palace was, the Prester's heart to please,
On all sides from the palace, straight there fell,
A gulf so hideous, and so wildly drear
As though it were the very gate of Hell.
It chilled the traveler's heart, with sudden fear,
Strange shapes, danced in the moonlight pale,
Reads the quaint lore of Manville, who could show
A thing to make the boldest heart to quail,
That they were devils, dancing there below.

L'ENVOY.

Spirit of Fancy, in a world so lone;
Forever, may thy mystic temples stand
Mountain protected, like the Prester's throne,
Guarded forever, in a forbidden land.

DAWN'S CONQUEST.

An hour passed on,
And yet, the darkness lay
As though, it never would;
Give place to day
As though, the host of stars
Standing at bay
Cried "We are victors!"
Who shall say us nay?
In quick succession,
On the level shore
Snow white, and ghost like,
But with dreadful roar
The advancing host of billows,
Showered their spray

Then came a change
Too quick, for mortal eye
Their silent, subtle,
Fading, to descry
The thousand burning orbs;
Dimmed in the sky
The dark, and lowering,
Canopy of Night
Was streaked at first;
And then suffused, with light
And from the East
Victorious on his way
Pursuing vanquished Night, came on,
The Victor Day.

THE CHILD OF THE SKY.

(An Autumn Idyl.)

Up, up, among the autumn leaves,
Swings the child of the sky,
Where the cold north wind, that lifts, and heaves;
These frost-born flowers, flings high.
Up, up, against the banded white
The stratus clouds to view,
And he could even catch a sight
Far off, of a salt sea blue.
Up, up, against the heaven soon
Watched morning wax, to afternoon,
The light, turn, waning fast,
The East grow grayer, till at last—
High in the heaven, a slender, crescent moon.
Hung o'er the hills, a scimiter aglow,
And mocked the golden leaf, so far below.

THE MOON MANSIONS

With eyelids half devoid of sleep,
Beneath the light of Luna
At her noon, on the golden disk
Did far flung fancy, heap
Tower, and hold, and castle keep
Of mansions, in the moon.

Beneath the borrowed light, sun lent,
Rose mountains, walled by silence,
And below, their towering tops,
Was gold effulgence spent,
On halls of souls in banishment
And on, a silent flow.

For on the further summits bold
The thorn set courts, of Gallio
And Cain, o'erset a crater
In whose dull depths rolled
The sluggish currents, of a cold,
And cobalt blue, moon main.

But as I watched, a shaft of fire
That in the eastern heaven
Had lain there, leaping in fury
Moonward, struck a spire
Beneath that sunlit touch, so dire
Each palace, fades in air.

Spacious buildings, lose their splendors,
Luna herself, is waxing
White and wan. The very moon, her
Golden glow surrenders
Hastly fly, her star defenders,
Sore stricken, by the Dawn.

Her fair form, fading from on high
All white, and deadly palored
The moon lay. The Orient Sun
Rolled naked in the sky
Blood red, in blazing majesty,
And brought, a burning day.

IF

If I could do, as I have done
If you, should sigh, as you have sighed,
If I could win, as I have won,
One look of love, O azure eyed!
If I could know, you loved me yet,
If you would but, forgive, forget
Misunderstanding long ago
Which sunk my summer sun, in snow
If you, would only turn, and say
“Come Love, the past, is yesterday
We have long life before us still,
There is a way, where there's a will”
Could we not climb to that high state,
Though Youth be gone, and years be late
Which Eve, and Adam, knew so well
Before they by the tempter fell

Most Precious Pearl; though I be fool,
Thy face, and mine; each hide a skull.

FANETTE

Ah fluffy Fanette, is it gala night

That you are all arrayed in broad cloth blue

With orchid bouquet, placed to match the hue
Of Irish lace, that forms your collar white?

These are spoils of a conflict, wrong, or right

As failure, or success, your father knew

In this town toilsome, where his fortune grew
For honor here; is made by craft, and might

But I, I, be bound, in your heavy hair

And I, I, be drowned, in those lakes your eyes
And your fairy feet, on my heart are set.

Ah Princess, this believe; I still should care

For you, although you came in beggar's guise
In silk, or sackcloth, you are still—Fanette.

THE PEACOCK BOWER

Bower, by bower, the peacocks plume
Themselves, on the turf, and marble wall.
Flower, by flower, the gardens bloom
Hour, by hour, the shadows crawl
Across the grass, till they steep in shade
The red, red, roses, covering all.
And dead, dead, fragrant, that crumble and fall
Under the fresh ones, newly made.

Time, and tide, by the peacock bowers,
Lazily drift, o'er a summer sea.
Climb beside the jasmine flowers
The royal ramblers of Arcadie.
The radiant roses, running red,
Midst piebald pansy, and asphodel,
With laurel, lily, and lovely blue bell,
Spring from the dust of ancient dead.

Sailing slow, o'er the peacock bower,
Veiling in places, the heaven's hue,
Come clouds, that are dusted with golden dower,
Till a sad, sweet, note, of music new,
Like song of a skylark from the sky,
Falls like an arrow true,
Falls, till it pierces the liquid eye
Of lake, and ocean blue.

Alas! Illusion, fades hour, by hour,
The white wall crumbles; the peacocks flee,
The rose is withering, bower, by bower,
Flower, sweet flower, come back to me!
Dies the dream of passion, and power,
Sinks sand, and summer sea,
Sweet Delusion, my peacock bower,
Cradled on Bermudie.

TRIUMPH

Now, is the longed for hour come,
Now, is our triumph dear
Bought at the price, of honor, and all
Wrung, from Fate, in our heavy fall
As the day of our doom draws near

Tomorrow, a week, a month, a year
Who knows, how the time will fly?
Our present power, tonight's full fame
Tomorrow, may sink, in sorrow, and shame
Let us drink; for tomorrow, we die

Down in the east, the dawn dogs lie
Gray streaks, with the day in their wake
We be sons of plunder, of pride, not toil
Let us wallow tonight; on our crimson spoil
'Tis the last, we may ever take

Up goblets: Our heads, on our cause we stake
They be lost, as we loose, or stand
We drink tonight—
To our triumph bright—
Who exiles, the day, may brand

But tonight; we have sheathed the sword in hand
Now; is our right divine!
Now; we are masters; of all the land
Lords; of the women, and wine!

SPIRIT OF SONG.

Spirit of Song, come again,
It is long since we drank together,
Now is Night June, and the rain
Has ceased, with the summer weather
Let us laugh, with the liquid gold
In the wine, let us cast our care.
What if the world, be barren and old,
Beauty, and Youth, are there.
Why, should we grieve in part?
Are not the new, roses red?
The song, is it not in the heart
Held long, though the singer be dead?
There was a night, that was day
To this night; softer far—
But the lamp; shall we cast it away—
Because, it is not, a star?

Here is a health. It is half
Jest, for things gone with the years
On the edge of our lips, lies a laugh
On the lids of our eyes, are tears.

THE LETTERS.

Faded sheets, where the ink that once was blue,
Has faded also, to a rusty gray,
Scarce legible, at first, one needs must lay
One's finger, on the fragile page, in hue
Once white, as the white roses, that we knew,
In that fair, far, forgotten, garden gay,
That ever seems, to bask in waning day.
And is the place, in which I courted you
In that far time, you wrote these notes to me
So long ago, that I forget the years.
Between those pleasures, and the present pain
I know, but cannot read, these lines from thee
Nor have the heart to, were it not in vain,
Some long agoes, are only traced, through tears.

THE LOST GARDEN.

There were roses white. There were roses red.

They lined the walks, and they climbed, on the
wall,

And the honey bee, and humming bird, fed

From fragrant lily stalks, slender, and tall,
But of all the flowers, we knew the best,

Beyond the sun-dial, and far from the gate,
The white, white, roses, that bloomed t'ward the
west,

For they glowed like lamps, in the gloaming late.
The Jacobite rose, so stainless of hue,

You wore on your breast, in the long ago.
We stood on the grass, 'neath the bay trees blue,
But the white rose, lay, o'er a heart of snow.

There were roses red. There were roses white.

And I was a moth in the candle light.

THE DAWNING

A darker night, than this that lies
On rain soaked field and battered tree
A darker night, than this that dies
On sodden sand, and silent sea

A darker night spreads over me
Oh! what will end it's sorry sway?
When, on the dark line, of Life's sea
Shall dawn my day?

WHITE MARSH.

Fly your banners, of blossom, and bloom,
Red ridges, roll down to the sea,
Pink of peaches, and cherry plume,
White, on the wind-washed tree.

Laugh to the sun, and the silent stars
Smile on the vale below.
Wave your willows, o'er silver bars
That mark, where the broad brooks flow.

Forget your sorrow, sad, sighing stream,
Shout, to the ridges free.
Red roads, roll up to the sky-line's gleam.
Red ridges, roll down to the sea.

BERMUDIAN NIGHT.

(From the Pleasure Voyage.)

All hail! Soft southern night! When each sweet star
Hangs lamplike, in the heaven's purple dome,
As lights before an altar, and afar,
Incense, from flowers, is wafted through the
gloom.

The mystery of maid, and moth, and moon,
Broods white, on tiny shrub, and proud palm tree.
A breeze awakes, o'er silent sand, and soon
The swaying cedars, sigh unto the sea.
A phantom flash of phosphorescent fire
Marks an oar's stroke, on the dark harbor's breast,
Far off, the sleepy sound of ocean's lyre,
Lulls his sweet child, cradled in his caress,
So steeped in silence, slumber, and delight,
Sleep on, yet wake, thou blest Bermudian night.

IN EXILE

My heart is heavy, for the sea,
And I am loth, of leaf, and land
Yet here I bide, and may not flee
To turning tide, and warm, white sand
The hills, as hoary sentries stand
Veiling the view, so narrowly
My heart is heavy for the sea,
And I am loth, of leaf, and land

Oh, how the memory comes to me
Of waning day, on the gray strand
The wide, wide, world, held sleepily
Bound in the broad, and purple band
My heart is heavy, for the sea,
And I am loth, of leaf, and land.

THE SHELL AND THE ROSE

A rose, once bloomed in a garden
Many miles inland, they say,
Among the grasses, and pebbles,
At her feet, a sea shell lay.

She swayed, and laughed, to the hedge rows,
For she, was bred inland
And how could she hear, his song so clear?
He, sang, of the wet sea sand.

The shell was lovelorn, and in exile,
But she, in a home so fair,
To her, that she never stooped to smile
On him, in misery there.

But sweet June died in the garden,
And under the fiery sun,
And molten skies of midsummer;
The roses, drooped one by one.

The sea shell heard the thunder,
That shook the angry sky
To gather the drops from heaven,
His cup did open lie

Down, falls, the pelting shower
Past; all her hopes, and fears
The shattered rose, is floating
On the lake, of the sea shell's tears.

THE LOST FLOWER.

I once possessed a flower's yield,
As fluffy, and pure, as snow;
It came from a gardened fairy field
Where white carnations grow;
But I lost the flower, in an evil hour,
And ere I had found it once more
The blossom was dead, that blest my bower
And naught, could its beauty restore;
I reverently laid the withered thing
In the garden it once made fair;
Hope's golden butterfly took wing,
And left me in deep despair
Till there burned in my heart, strange phantom fires,
Urging me ever to go—
Sail to the Land of Lost Desires
Where such carnations grow.
We sailed for many nights and days;
And still with night again,
The bows, of the bold "Bonne Esperais"
Plunged deep, in a star-lit main.
Away from the coast of Past Regret,
An unknown sea sailed we,
Till we sighted summer islands set
Like jewels in the sea;
And there stole to our ears, with sounding wires
Of harps played soft and low,
The song of the Land of Lost Desires
Where white carnations grow,
We drifted over the harbor bars
'Twix atols covered with foam,
Lit by the light of long-lost stars,
That guided a wanderer home.

THE DEAD SUMMER

The sapphire blue, that yesterday
Was over all the sleepy seas
That drowsy, dreamy, August lay
That insects played, our ears to please
Has faded, and fallen, and flown away
To some far distant southern isle
To some far fairer sapphire sea,
To where perpetual summers smile
On shores of Arcadie

A darker night, will come, you say:
Our stars will set, beyond recall,
The world is growing cold, and gray
Young love, will fall as flowers fall
But though this summers gone for aye
Another year, will swallows sing
Mid fields of blossoms, yet unborn
To-morrow's morrow's morrow morn
Come moon brought tides, of Spring.

DAISIES

Dear little Love, where the daisies grow
Hearts o' gold in sashes of snow,
Strip one of pettals, but know, ah know,
I love thee truly, what ever they show
Fickle are they, as the winds that blow
Over your hill sides, high and low,
But constant as rocks, that resist the foam,
Broad as the spaces, the sea birds roam,
Deep as its caverns, my love for thee
Is deep as the caves, of my well loved sea.

BY THE RIVER.

The further shore, grows dark against the sky,
And the tall chimneys, throw their long, drawn veils
Athwart the banded clouds, and the light fails
Slow, as the sleepy silver tide slips by
Mainward, the inland stormblown, gray gulls hie
Follow the flow, back to the salt sea, pale
They pass. The heavens are lifeless. Not a sail—
Creeps o'er the river, as the moments fly.

And friendships go, as those lost gulls have gone,
Visions of Youth, fade as the daylight dies,
Old loves are lost, even as sunsets flee
O! hurrying footsteps; pause if but for one
Brief hour, before yon chilling mist arise.
Our tides of Life, are slipping to a sea.

EVENING AT THE SHORE.

The broad gray beach, at twilight hour
Mirrowed the glory of the West,
Each tiny shell, a lovely flower
Glowed on the sand which gave it rest:
Till a shadow, covered the sun-kissed land
As time, turned with the tide
The light on the marsh, and the light on the sand
Glimmered, faded, and died.
And slowly, through the willow trees
Over the horizon line afar,
Over the swell, on the sunken bar,
The moon rose, out of the Eastern seas.

OUR CENTURY

The nymphs, and naiads, are dead, ah dead!

Love lies low in a vale of June

Romance, and May, have fled, ah fled,

Colder the world grows, rune by rune

Ragnarock falling, soon too soon,

Wild waves calling, earth's race is sped

The nymphs, and naiads, are dead, ah dead!

Love lies low in a vale of June

Falls in fragments, the roses red

Sinks in silence, the harper's tune

Ceases the chantry, sung or said,

White, and lifeless, the lovers moon

The nymphs, and naiads, are dead, ah dead!

Love lies low, in a vale of June.

LOVE UNRETURNED

Love that should be dead, yet is undying
Unquenchable affection, formed in vain
Forgetmenots, whose prayers, are pearls of pain
Uselessly all, from Cupid's altar crying
Oh, would some kindly god, but hear their sighing
Wasted, and withered, on the fiery fane
And bid descend, the cooling letheal rain,
Forgetfulness, for hopeless longing buying
Ah, could our dream wove fancies, all fulfil
Their delicate, and star-wrought destiny;
Ah, would the way, were only just the will,
Sailing successful o'er a summer sea,
With laughter, song, and all transcendent light
For cold indifference, forms the darkest night.

SWAN SONG

I sat on sand dune, surmounting the sea,
Weaving a web of dreams:
Working into it, tide, and times
The shadowy sons, from far-off climes
Each hour, a moment seems
O'er head the bended blue,
To the east, the circle of sea
White against the sky the blossoms grew
Over their heads, and wan in hue
The little white cloudlets flee

Over the glittering sand,
The mirage fancies go
Cast on the seagirt land,
As the gifts, and spoils, of the flow
Till heart, and brain together
Follow the sun-lit beams
And cannot stay, but are born away
On a rainbow tide of dreams
On in a star-strewn fancy
Of future, fancy free,
As dreams adrift forever
On a lazy summer sea

Visions, of long gone years
Things, that were once despised
Place them in pearls, the tears
For a past, that is idolized
Oh Languid loves, no more to lie
All lazy where the clouds drift by:
Over the gardens, and the graves
Hidden below cold ocean caves
Where the dull groundswell, moans and raves

And frothy foam-heads, fleck the waves
Oh, could ten thousand summers pass
Ere one blue blade, dried in your grass!
Oh, could ten thousand seasons die
Ere one sweet star, dimmed in your sky!

Dreams; drift away
The ceaseless tides
Bear far, and ever,
Far from me
Your outbound sails
A river glides
Into, but never
Back, from sea

Glourious galleys,
They dip, and flee
With the last dying
Solar ray:
Night will cover
The shore, and sea,
And hope; low lying
Dies with day

Slowly, the luster departed:
Slowly, the daylight died:
Slowly, the full flood tide
Turned as if broken hearted
Back, to his caverns cold,
Returned, to his caves as of old
Drawn by the full faced moon,
Just rising out of the main
The hours of Evil again
Exalted, conquered the day
And carried my visions away.

PHYLLIS.

Good morrow, Phyllis! Does the carriage wait,
Your pleasure, on this merry morning tide?
You will drive off, so soon with Fluff beside,
Brave, in be-ribboned, collared, canine, state,
I shall be left ravished, disconsolate;
Less than a dog, who every day does ride,
The pet of such a mistress, in her pride.
What fluffy Pom, could growl, at such a fate?
The equipage, comes slowly down the drive,
The coachman, cracks his surly whip. Your fair
Eyes, veiled by heavy lids, see me afar.
I nearer press; for recognition strive.
A smile, a roselike blush, framed in blonde hair,
A seashell once, I think, pined for a star.

REVERIE

The sad suns set, by our lost seas,
That rim our coasts, of Yesterday
The warm winds wave, our filmy trees
Against blue skies. From far away
Unbidden fancies, pause to play
On harps, sweet strains, from long ago
Which bring the tears, though they be gay
Those softening tears. Is it not so,
A halo, hangs above the past
And every pleasant place, long saine
Each grace, each face, the least, and last
Is vanished gladness, that was thine.

THE SONG OF THE WANDERER.

O, wind, from a thousand isles
Flung, over a Southern sea,
From a thousand blossoms,
Rich, and red, where Summer smiles,
And the tufted head
Sways, on each tall palm tree.
O, wind from a thousand hills,
Swung, over a Northern plain,
From a thousand valleys
I have known, on roads of coral
And roads of stone. Behold! I am young again!

O, warmth, of a summer sun,
O, chill, of an autumn rain,
O, ploughed up furrow, in
Time of spring, when hedges bloom,
And skylarks sing.

O, meadow, of golden grain
O, shine, of a silver frost,
O, white, of a winter snow,
From a thousand pleasures
Lived, and lost, in days of plenty,
A shining host, Blow! Wind of Memory blow!

O, eye, of a single star,
Hung bright, in a violet sky.
O, lights of a city
Seen afar, from rising ground,
With that lonely star,
And the moon, for company.
O, scent of cedar, and pine,
O, view, of a purple main,
O, Years! I have broken
Your hostile line, remembering
Hours, past, yet mine! Behold! I am young again!

THE LOST STARS

Onward I sailed star guided
A thousand aens ago
Dark space, was all above me
Dark space, was far below

Downward, looking, downward
Between the metal bars
Of that strange ship, one sailing
Caught glimpses, of strange stars

Falling, falling, downward
To earth, we fell one night
And though I long to see them
My stars; are out of sight.

THE HOME WINDS

Over the hills, where the home winds blow
 Out of the night, to the morning sea,
Down to the shores, where the same tides flow
 By the warm, white sands, that were dear to me
When I was a child. The white sails flee
 To unknown ports; as of long ago
Over the hills, where the home winds blow
 Out of the night, to the morning sea

Ah clear, cold stars, you seem to know
 Blinking forever so peacefully,
Why our pleasant places so barren grow
 And all is not; as it used to be
Over the hills, where the home winds blow
 Out of the night, to the morning sea.

THE CALL OF THE COASTS.

The sky's blue dome, spreads over all,
On dim horizons, pearly gray,
The ships slip by. Yes, far away,
To north, and south, the slow sails crawl
Oh! purple main, at close of day,
Oh! sea, and air, Oh! sand, and sea,
Would I were where, the sea gulls play
The coasts, have laid a call on me.

Oh! steep hillsides that rise to fall,
Down to your rich, red, valleys clay,
Oh! mountain lakes, which tranquil lay,
Your graceful willows, growing tall,
May wave as wishing, one to stay
By your cool lips, nor ever flee

Forget the ships ; My heart cries "Nay
The coasts ; have laid a call on me."

Southward, by eastward, sweet sails haul
To isles, that ever, bask in May,
Where proud palms rear, to meet the ray,
Of southern suns, I hear the call
From coral caverns, cloaked in spray,
And shell pink shores, of Bermudie
Where perfume pours, from flowers gay
The coasts, have laid a call on me.

L'ENVOY.

All tribute be, your beauties pay
Oh, mount, and river, turf, and tree,
Of thine, and thee, I cannot say
The coasts, have laid a call on me.

TO A BALTIMOREAN BEAUTY

Alice; though all the bards should sing
Your praise; and kings, their gifts should bring
And all the lords of greed, and gold,
At your small feet, their fortunes rolled
One whit, you would not, could not, be
Dearer, than now you are to me
For all the streams repeat your name
The ocean's murmur 'tis the same
The red roads rise, o'er hills of green,
To air castles, where you are queen

In salt sea shells, as music dwells
Your voice, and all my thoughts incline
To one, whom all her sex excels
Something of Earth, yet half divine.



HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962



